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#### GENERAL NEWS.

At the present time there are estimated to be, in the United States 40,000,-000 sheep, 40,000,000 cattle and 20,000 -000 horses. In two-thirds of the country these animals require to be fed from three to five months, and they will consume an aggregate of 90,000,000 tons. which, at \$5 per ton, represents the enormous sum of \$450, (0),000. Is not hav

therefore, king? Tas sale of liquor is now prohibited. in whole or in part, in seventy-one counties in Georgia, leaving less than half of the counties in which the sale is unrestricted. The last Legislature prohibited the sale in nine counties more and provided for elections in thirty others.

In Jacksonville, Fla., the other day one wall of a store settled several inches and the sidewalk fell in. Upon exami nation it was discovered that nearly the whole length of the foundation wall and part of the front wall, and sidewalk, had seen wholly undermined by rata

A BRIDGE over the Miss ssippi river at New Orleans, where the river is 2,400 feet wide, is projected. An engineer proposes seven spans of 300 feet each, one be a draw. The piers are to be creooted piles, driven in clusters, and heavly capped and cased in iron. The depth of water will be no obstacle, as the piles can be spliced. The estimated cost will be \$13,000,000.

DR. BASIL MANLY, of the Southern Bantist theological seminary, in his address before the educational convention at Louisville, said that statistics proved that the south before the war had more colleges, college students and professors, more academies and parochial schools that the north, only lacking free schools. This, he said, was an evidence that the south has always had a strong interest in schools, and will not fail to manifest it

New OBLEANS States: Pago Del Norte is 360 years old. It has one love street exactly seven miles long. Its principal point of interest is the Gandal upe Cathedral, which is over 300 years old, and has had no repairs for at least 200 years. It has no pews, There is only a piece of earpet spread in front of the altar, and on this the worshippers keeel one at a time. Generations have come and gone, and nothing has b en done to improve this ancient town until now, when they have begun the restoration of the Grand Plaza, The Mexican Central railroad s the only modern edifice in the

## "Her Little Serene Highness."

In a letter from Robert J. Burdette, Nantucket, declining an invitation to lecture at Chautauqua, is simply told the touching story of the favorite humorat's home life, and of his devotion to the wife who has inspired all his work and by her inspiration has made him

"Seriously, and in all 'truth and soberness, I cannot come. Mrs. Burdette's bealth—if the poor little sufferer's combination of aches and pains and helplessness may be designated by such a serestic appellation—has been steadily failing all winter, and we have come down to the sea-girt island to see if old sean and its breezes may do what the dectors and mountains, and prairies have failed to do. And here we are vaiting—'Her little serene Highness' a utter helplessness, unable to stand ne-for years she has been unable to walk-her helpless hands folded in her lap. She must be dressed, and carried about, cared for like a little baby, suffering countless pains and aches day and night, and I cannot leave her even for a few days. No one at Chautauqua will feel the disappointment as we do, for we had planned to go there together. If she could go with me I would be glad enough to creep to Chautauqua on my knees. Her life has been a fountain of strength to me. In her long years I have never seen the look of pain out of her eyes, and for more than half so long I have men her sitting in patient helplessness, and I have never heard a complaining murmur from her lips, while she has served as those who stand and wait, never questioning and never doubting the wisdom and goodness of the Father whose hand has been laid on her so beavily. The beautiful patience of her life has been a constant rebuke to my own impatience, and her sufferings I have seen and known, and believed the fore that knows no fear,' and the faith

#### A Determined Men.

A California hen, while recently engaged with her brood of chickens in owing up a garden, was charged upon y a full-blown rat. The hen immeely established herself as a cordon round her flock and awaited the onsiaught, whereupon the rat, somewhat checked by the bold front presented by his antagonist, crouched for a moment, and then made a dart for one of the icks. In an instant the old hen opened her cackle battery and commenced battle. She flew at herenemy, and striking him with her bill, grabbed him by the back and threw him into the air. The nat came down with a thump upon the walk, but before he could regain his feet the hen repeated the performance, and hear it was only and kept it up until the rat was only able to crawl away a few feet and die a disgrace. After contemplating her fallen foe for a few moments the hen called her brood around her and walked off.

"Ma, is Long Branch an awful dirty place?" "Why no, my child what wade you think so?" "Why here is at advertisement that says that it is washed by the tide twice a day." UNDER THE SOD.

While fragrant, flowery fingered May Extends her hand to welcome June, We come, with mournful tread to-day, To claim this over precious boon Of offering on each hallowed grave Our loving tributes to the brave. Oh, brothers, dead ! while side by side

We marched with you through scenes of strife And gave your country all but life, You marched, and fought, and fell, and died Died in a cause as old as time; Died in a cause more seamed and scarred in strife with ernelty and crime, Than any veteran in the guard Of Tamerlane or Ghengis Khan ! Died in the war-worn cause of man.

I see gray hairs before me now, Which had not lost their darker hue, And furrows deep on many a brow Where Care has driven his plow-share through Where yet no mark of age were laid, But for the haste which war has made.

I cannot tell the awful story. The bleeding heart is still too sore For bitter thoughts to journey o'er, E'en though it feel the balm of glory. Their deeds shall shine, like jewels set In Preedom's glittering coronet. But how they fought and how they fell, And, falling, died, let others tell, Who, looking backward through the years, Can read with eyes undimmed with tears, And tell, with more than patriot pride, Their children bow their fathers died!

# A FAR-AWAY MELODY.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

The clothes-line was wound securely around the trunks of four gnarled, erooked old apple-trees which stood promiscoonsly about the yard back of the cottage. It was tree-blossoming time, but these were too aged and sapless to blossom freely, and there was only a white bough here and there shaking itself triumphantly from amongst the rest, which had only their new green caves. There was a branch occasionally which had not even these, but pierced the tender green and flossy white in hard gray nakedness. All over the yard the grass was young and green and short, and had not yet gotten any feathery heads. Once in a while there

was a dandelion set closely down The cottage was low, of a dark red color, with white facings around the windows, which had no blinds, only

green paper curtains. The back door was in the centre of the house, and opened directly into the green yard, with hardly a pretense of a

step, only a flat oval stone before it. Through this door, stepping cantious-ly on the stone, came presently two tall lank women in chocolate-colored gowns, with a basket of clothes between them. They set the basket underneath the line he grass, with a little clothes-pir bag beside it, and then proceeded me thodically to hang out the clothes. Every thing of a kind went together, and the things on the outside line, which could be seen from the street in front of

the cottage.

The two women were curiously alike. They were about the same height, and moved in the same way. Even their faces were so similiar in feature and expression that it might have been a diffi cuit matter to distinguish between them. All the difference, and that would have been scarcely apparent to an ordinary bserver, was a difference of degree, if might be so expressed. In one face the features were both bolder and sharper in outline, the eyes were a trifle larger and brighter, and the whole expression more animated and decided than in the

One woman's scanty drab hair was a shade darker than the other's and the negative fairness of complexion, which generally accompanies drab hair, was in ne relieved by a slight tinge of warm red on the cheeks.

This slightly intensified woman back been commonly considered the more at-tractive of the two, although in reality there was very little to choose between the personal appearance of these twin sisters, Priscilla and Mary Brown. They moved about the clothes-line, pinning the sweet white linen on securely their thick white-stockinged ankler showing beneath their limp calicoes as they stepped, and their large feet in cloth slippers flattening down the short Their sleeves were rolled green grass. Their sleeves were rolled up, displaying their long thin muscular arms, which were sharply pointed at the

They were homely women; they were fifty and over now, but they never could have been pretty in their teens, their catures were too irredeemably irregular or that. No youthful freshness of complexion or expression could ever have possibly done away with the impression that they gave. Their plainness had probably only been enhanced by the contrast and these women to people generally seemed better-looking than when they were young. There was an honesshowed all the plainer for their homeli-

One, the sister with the darker hair, moved a little quicker than the other, and lifted the wet clothes from the basket to the line more frequently. the first to speak, too, after they had been hanging out the clothes for some little time in silence. She stopped as she did so, with a vet pillow-case in her hand, and looked up reflectively at the flowering apple boughs over-head, and the blue sky showing between, while the sweet spring wind ruffled her

scanty hair a little. "I wonder, Mary," she said, "if it would seem so very queer to die a morn-in' like this, say. Don't you believe there's apple branches a-hangin' over them walls made out of precious stones, ike these, only there ain't any dead limbs among 'em, an' they're all cov-red thick with flowers? An' I wonder f it would seem such an awful chance to go from this air into the air of the

Just then a robin hidden somewhere New Jerusalem,"

in the trees began to sing.
"I s'pose," she went on, "that there's angels instead of robins, though, and they don't roost up in trees to sing, but

stand on the ground, with files growin' little face beginning so put on a reserved tound their feet, maybe, up to their look, from a vague sense of mystery she could not fathom.

Mary Brown rose and went to the

the singin."

The other sister gave a scared, awed look at her. "Lor, don't talk that way, sister," said she. "What has got into you lately? You make me crawl all over, talkin' so much about dyin'. You

feel well, don't you?" "Lor, yes," replied the other, laughing, and picking up a clothes-pin for her pillow case; "I feel well enough, an' I don't know what has got me to talkin' so much about dyin' lately, or thinkin' about it. I guess it's the spring weather. P'r'aps flowers growin' make anybody think of wings sproutin' kinder naterally. I won't talk so much about it if it bothers you, an' I don't know but it's sorter nateral it should. Did you get the potatoes before we came out, sister? with an awkward and kindly effort to change the subject.

"No," replied the other, stooping over the clothes-basket. There was such a film of tears in her dark blue eyes that she could not distinguish one article from

another.
"Well, I guess you had better go in an' get 'em, then; 'hey ain't worth any-thing, this time of year, unless they soak a while, an' I'll finish hangin' out the

clothes while you do it." "Well, p'r'aps I'd better," the other woman replied, straightening herself up from the clothes basket. Then she went into the house without another word; but down in the damp cellar, a minute later, she sobbed over the potato barrel as if her heart would break. Her sister's remarks had filled her with a vague ap-prehension and grief which she could not throw off. And there was something a little singular about it. Both these women had always been of a deeply re-ligious cast of mind. They had studied he Bible faithfully, if not understandingly, and the religion had strongly tinctured their daily life. They knew almost as much about the Old Testament prophets as they did about their neighbors; and that was raying a good deal of two single women in a New England country town. Still this religious element in their nature could hardly have been termed spirituality. It deviated from that as much as anything of religion-which is in one way spiritualty itself-could.

Both sisters were eminently practical in all affairs of life, down to their very dreams, and Priscilla especially so. She had dealt in religion with the bare facts of sin and repentence, future punishment and reward. She had dwelt very little, probably, upon the poetic splendors of the Eternal City, and talked about them still less. Indeed, she had always been reticent about her religious convictions, and had said very little

about them even to her sister. The two women, with God in their thoughts every moment, seldom had spoken His name to each other. For Priscilla to talk in the strain that she d to-day and for a week or two prerious, off and on, was, from its extreme deviation from her usual custom, cer-

tainly startling. Poor Mary, sobbing over the potato barrel, thought it was a sign of anbroaching death. She had a few superstitious-like grafts upon her practical,

commonplace character.

She wiped her eyes finally, and went ap-stairs with her tin basin of potatoes, which were carefully washed and put to soak by the time her sister came in with

the empty basket.

At twelve exactly the two sat down to dinner in the clean kitchen, which was one of the two rooms the cottage boasted. The narrow entry ran from the front door to the back. On one side was the kitchen and living-room; on the other, the room where the sisters slept. There were two small, untinished lofts over head, reached by a step-ladder through a little scuttle in the entry ceiling, and that was all besides. The sisters had earned the cottage and paid for it years before, by working as tailoresses. They had quite a snug little sum in the bank besides, which they had saved out of their hard earnings. There was no need for Priscilla and Mary to work so hard, people said: but work hard they did, and work hard they would as long as they lived. The mere habit of work became

s necessary to them as breathing. Just as soon as they had finished their meal and cleared away the dishes they out on some clean starched purple prints, which were their afternoon lresses, and scated themselves at the two front windows with their work; the house faced southwest, so the sunlight streamed through both. It was a very warm day for the season, and the wit dows were open. In the yard outside, great clumps of lilac bushes stood close o both. They grew on the other side of the front door, too; a little later the low cottage would look half buried in The shadows of their leaves made a dancing net-work over the freshly washed yellow floor.

The two sisters sat there and sewed n some coarse vests all the afternoon. Neither made a remark often. The room, with its glossy little cookingstove, its eight-day clock on the mantel, its chintz-cushioned rocking-chairs, and the dancing shadows of the lilac leaves on its yellow floor, looked pleasant and

Just before six o'clock a neighbor dropped in with her cream pitcher to porrow some milk for tea, and she sat down for a minute's chat after she had got it filled. They had been talking a ew moments on neighborhood topics. when all of a sudden Priscilla let her work fall and raised her hand. "Hush!" whispered she.
The other two stopped talking, and

listened, staring at her wonderingly, but hey could hear nothing. "What is it, Miss Priscilla?" asked the neighbor, with round blue eyes.

She was a pretty young thing, who had uot been married long.

"Hush! Don't speak. Don't you bear that beautiful music?" Her ear was inclined toward the open window, her hand still raised warningly, and her eyes fixed on the opposite wall beyond

Mary turned visibly paler than her usual dull paleness, and shuddered. "I don't hear any music," she said. "Do you, Miss Moore?" "No-o," replied the caller, her simple

Mary Brown rose and went to the door, and looked eagerly up and down the street. "There ain't no organ-man in sight anywhere," said she, returning. "an' I can't hear any music, an' Miss Moore can't, an' we're both sharp enough hearin'. You're jist imaginin' it, ister.

"I never imagined anything in my returned the other, "an' it ain't likely I'm goin' to begin now. It's the beautifulest music. It comes from over the orchard there. Can't you hear it? But it seems to me it's growin' a little fainter like now. I guess it's movin off,

perhaps. Mary Brown set her lips hard. The grief and anxiety she had felt lately turned suddenly to unreasoning anger against the cause of it; through her very love she fired with quick wrath at the beloved object. Still she did not say much, only, "I guess it must be movin" off," with a laugh which had an unpleas ant ring in it.

After the neighbor had gone, however, she said more, standing before her sister with her arms folded squarely across her "Now, Priscilla Brown," she exclaimed, "I think it's about time to put a stop to this. I've heard about enough of it. What do you s'pose Miss Moore thought of you? Next thing it will be all over town that you're gettin' spiritual notions. To-day it's music that nobody else can hear, and yesterday you smelled roses, and there ain't one in blossom this time o' year, and all the time you're talkin' about dyin'. For my part, I don't see why you ain't as likely to live as I am. You're uncom-mon hearty on vittles. You ate a pretty good dinner to-day for a dvin' person,"
"I didn't say I was goin' to die," re-

plied Priscilla, meckly; the two sisters seemed suddenly to have changed natures, "An' I'll try not to talk so, if it plagues you. I told you I wouldn't this mornin', but the music kinder took me by surprise like, an' I thought maybe you an' Miss Moore could hear it. I can jist hear it a little bit now, like the dyin' away of a bell."

"There you go agin!" cried the other, sharply. "Do, for mercy's sake, stop,

There sin't no music, "Well, I won't talk any more about it." she answered, patiently and she rose and began setting the table for tea, while Mary sat down and resumed her sewing, drawing the thread through the

cloth with quick, uneven jerks,

That night the pretty girl neighbor
was aroused from her sleep by a distressed voice at her bedroom window, crying, "Miss Moore! Miss Moore!" She spoke to her husband who opened the window, "What's wanted?" he

asked, peering out into the darkness, "Priscilla's sick," mounted the distressed voice; "awful sick. She's fainted, an' I can't bring her to, Go for the doctor—quick! quick! quick!" The voice ended in a shrick on the last word. and the speaker turned and ran back the cottage, where, on the bed, lay a pale, gaunt woman, who had not stirred ince she left it. Immovable through all her sister's agony, she lay there, her features shaping themselves out more and more from the shadows, the bedclothes that covered her limbs taking or

an awful rigidity.
"She must have died in her sleep, the doctor said, when he came, "without

a struggle." When Mary Brown really understood that her sister was dead, she left her to the kindly ministrations of the good women who are always ready at such times and places, and went and sat by the kitchen window in the chair which her sister had occupied that afternoon There the women found her when the

ast offices had been done for the dead 'Come home with me to-night, said; "Miss Green will stay with her, with a turn of the head toward the or posite room, and an emphasis on the pronoun which distinguished it at once from one applied to a living person,

"No," said Mary Brown; "I'm a-goin' to set here an' listen." She had the window wide open, leaning her head out in the chilly night air.

"You see," went on Mary Brown, still speaking with her head leaning out of the window, "I was cross with her this afternoon because she talked about bearin' music. I was cross, an' spoke up sharp to her, because I loved her, but I don't think she knew. I didn't want to think she was goin' to die, but she was. An' she heard the music. It was An' now I'm a goin' to set here m' listen till I bear it too, an' then I'll know she 'ain't laid up what I said agin me, an' that I'm a-goin' to die too.'

They found it impossible to reason with her; there she sat till morning with a pitying woman beside her, listen

ing all in vain for unearthly melody. Next day they sent for a widowed niece of the sisters, who came at once, bringing her little boy with her. She was a kindly young weman, and took us her abode in the little cottage, and dis the best she could for her poor aunt. who, it soon became evident, would never be quite herself again. There she would sit at the kitchen window and listen day after day. She took a great fancy to her niece's little boy, and used often to hold him in her lap as she sat there. Once in a while she wonld ask him if he heard any music.

innocent little thing like him might hear quicker than a hard unbelievin' old woman like me," she told his mother She lived so for nearly a year after

her sister died. It was evident that she failed gradually and surely, though there was no apparent disease. It seemed to trouble her exceedingly that she never heard the music she had listened for. She had an idea that she could not die unless she did, and her whole soul seemed filled with longing to join her beloved twin sister, and be assured of her forgiveness. This sister-love was all she had ever felt, besides her love of God, in any strong degree; all the pas-sion of devotion of which this homely, commonplace woman was capable was centred in that, and the unsatisfied strength of it was killing her. weaker she grew, the more earnestly she listened. She was too feeble to sit up, but she would not consent to lie in bed, and made them bolster her up with pillows in a rocking-chair by the win-

dow. At length she died, in the spring, a week or two before her sister had the year before. The season was a little more advanced this year, and the apple trees were blossomed out further than they were then. She died about ten o'clock in the morning. The day before her mere had been called into the room by a shrili cry of rapture from her: "Two heard it! I've heard it!" she cried.
"A faint sound o' music, like the dyin' away of a bell."—Horper's Bazar,

BRIGANDAGE IN TURKEY.

Unsafe Condition of the Country about Sa-

The latest exploit of brigandage near Salonica, according to the Constantino-ple correspondent of the London Dairy Telegraph, has caused consternation at the Palace and Porte. So long as the brigands confined themselves to plundering and carrying off foreigners or small farmers the authorities hardly chose to interfere, and seemed to have regarded them only as levying back-sheesh in a slightly irregular manner. When, however, they catch Mehmet Pacha, a general of brigade, his brother-in-law, and a wealthy local merchant of Salonica, the case is regarded as more serious. There has been always a strong impression that there was some kind of understanding between pursuers and pursued. Some of the watches which were sent to the capturers of Colonel King were worn by Turkish employees not long after they had been delivered to the brigands. After the capture of Colonel Synge Salih Pacha was sent to Salonica. A thorough soldier and an honest man, he buckled to the job with resolution and skill, and in a series of ably planned and vigorously executed operations dispersed most of the bands and filled the prisons of Salonica with brigands. It will hardly be believed that not a single one was brought to the gallows, and that many of them were allowed to go out on bail, a washerwo-man's son becoming surety for several dozens. The few who were killed died resisting the troops, and of those who surrendered the majority appear to have escaped without even nominal punishment. Salih's exertions were almost thrown away. He was thwarted at each step by the provincial authorities and finally called to Constantinople. Almost before his back was turned Niko and the other chiefs collected fresh followers and

resumed their interrupted occupation, GUESTS OF THE PARMERS.

The vilayet of Aidin is nearly as badly off as Salonica. At Smyrna, its capital, a few years ago—perhaps the system still flourishes—a regular agreement existed between certain notables of the province and some of the brigands. The hieves labored on the large farms of the influential Turks during the winter months without wages, in return for a distinct understanding that if they got intheir masters should employ their influ ence to obtain their release. To this day the traveler in Aidin may have pointed out to him, swaggering in embreidered garments and with a belt full of knives and pistols, miscreants who, hough guilty of scores of murders, have cheated the hangman and actually been made enardians of estates and mines When Midhat Pacha was appointed Govrnor in 1880 he found Aidin overrun with brigands. He instantly made preparations for attacking them, and within six months the delighted citizens of Smyrna were witnessing the death struggle on the gibbet of a dozen or so of their worst enemies, Moslems and Christians alike. At the time of his arrest in the spring of 1881 His High-ness could boast that he had already given to the vilayet the same security gith which he had endowed the Syrian His successor was Ali Pacha, superseded a couple of months back. Under his rule brigandage assumed its old propor-tions, and the Smyrniots now dare not put foot outside the town, At Castamol, on the Black Sea, further evidence of the difference between good and bad administration may be had. Said Pacha, formerly a Woolwich cadet, compelled the villagers, by fines and other punish-ments, to attack the brigands, who were ravaging the country with impunity. He completely cleared the vilayet of these ruffians, Rustem Pacha, protected by the charter of Mount Lebanon from Stamboul's interference, handed over to Wassa Pacha a province where peasant and tourist are as safe as in England.

## A Great Year for Pears.

"This is a remarkable year for pears, said a Washington Market fruit dealer to a New York reporter. "I have never known them to be so abundant and of such excellent quality. Pears are fifty per cent, cheaper than they were last year. The finest Bartletts bring six dollars per barrel, while these rough-looking pears of the same variety sell for three dollars and fifty cents pe barrel. The appearance of fruit determines its price more than anything else. These pears, put up in neat-looking baskets, and arranged with an eye to artistic effect, will sell for twenty-five per cent, more than they would bring in ordinary baskets,"

ANOTHER KIND OF BOARING. She had a little boy with her as she at down in the street car beside a lady

equaintance and drawled out: 'Oh, you don't know how glad I am to get home again. We were awayseven

"So long as that?"
"Yes, indeed. You don't know how nonotonous the roar of the sea becomes after a week or two," "I've heard so."
"Ma, what sea are you talking

bout?" suddenly put in the boy.
"Hush, child." "But Uncle George lives up in the woods in Isabella county, and it was all woods and mosquitoes and snakes, and such old beds and poor living that you cried to come home! Is that the kind

of roar you heard?" The other lady was awful good. She locked out of the car window, and began to talk about the weather, — Detroit AMERICAN FABLES.

The Sleek Rat-The Two Citizens - The Wagon Wheel,

(From the Detroit Free Press ) A Rat who had grown fat and sleek and nested undisturbed in a Peasant's Corn Crib was one day visited by the Badger, who inquired:

"How long since you have had any

"Cheese? Why, I haven't even smelt the article for a year "
"Ah! me! but you must be a curious Rat not to help yours I to cheese, I wouldn't stand it a single hour if I were in your boots. You will never be a

happy Rat until you have cheese. After the Badger had gone the Rat got to thinking the matter over. He was fat, content and safe, but now that Cheese had been mentioned he felt that he must have a taste. He left the corn-crib and went nosing around until he discovered a piece of Cheese hung to a wire. He rushed for it, heard a click, and turned around to find himself in a Trap and to

hear the Peasant call out:
"Ah! here is another Rat who didn't know enough to remain in the corn-

MORAL : Let corn enough alone,

THE TWO CITIZENS.

A citizen, having painted the front of his grocery, hung out a sign bearing the word "Paint," "Ah! so you have been painting?"

queried the first man who came along. "Yes, sir."
"Is it fresh paint?"

"Will it rub off?" "It will."

"Ah! yes-I see-so it does," con tinued the man, as he rubbed his hand over the boards and brought it away covered with daub.

Never leave a fellow-man to find out anything by rubbing his back against it. THE WHEEL AND THE WAGON.

Upon an occasion one of the front wheels of a wagon became sulky and obstinate, and called out to the other parts

"I am fired of being dragged around as if I had no mind of my own. As the tongue bends I must follow, and I am niways behind it. I not only have a mind of my own, but unless I can hereafter run this business I shall refuse to

The Driver of the vehicle thought the matter over, and finally told the Wheel

to go ahead, "The first thing I shall do is to get out of the dust," replied the Wheel, and it made for the grass. It next decided that it was easier to travel in the meadow than upon the highway, and it bulked at every hill and rested so often that little progress was made, and two of the other wheels were finally crowded against the from ambush. Johnson killed their

bank and broken. "Alas! that I did not know better! sighed the Driver, as he jumped down to contemplate the wreck. "One who dertakes to steer a ship from the cook's room will surely bring up on the

A house where the head isn't boss wobbles as it runs.

# Puns and Punishment.

"Well, that's a nice-looking man," said Justice Patterson, sarcastically, a Joseph Slosser stood up at the rail, The prisoner looked as if he had had hard season. His clothes were in rags.

his hair was matted over his eyes, his hands and face were black with dirt, and he acknowledged that it was a long time since he had made a home happy,

"The officer says you were drunk, Joseph," continued the Court, "Is that so?" "Spec' I was," "What is your business?"

"Confectioner." "What?" said the court, in astonish-

"Candy maker, yer Honor," "Aren't you giving me taffy?"

"No; I'm a sweet one, I am."
"Yes, you look like a sugar plum; you
will be in season about Christmas time. I guess you can go up where you will keep. The rain might melt you,"
"You can serve me better than that,

"Stop that! I do that sort of thing here myself. I feel it my duty to preserve you, as I did a similar punster last week. It will be a sweet meet be tween you. They want a confectioner on the island, too; so I guess I'll make it three months. You will see mo

"Make it a year, only send me out at nce," gasped the prisoner, and a commitment for ninety days was laughingly signed by the Judge,

## A Business Melody.

There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise, for when he marked his prices down he then did advertise. And when he saw his trade increase, with all his might and main he marked still lower every price and advertised

And when he advertised again his ri vals loudly swore, to see folks rush with might and main to patronize his store And while they sat in solitude and saw him custom win, that man behind the counter stood and raked the shekels

And when he raked the shekels in, and saw his fortune rising, he took a goodly lot of tin and kept on advertis

Each day a generous sum he'd sink, and demonstrate full plain the more one pays for printer's ink the greater is his

SPEEDY JUSTICE,-When Mr. Bookvalter was in China he became acquainted with a Judge who invited him o see a case tried. The culprit was arraigned for larceny. Within thirty min-utes that Chinese court tried the prisoner, convicted him, sentenced him to took him out in an alley and out his head

#### TRAVELERS IN ARKANSAS.

The Story that Was Told Them by an Old California Miner.

Here is the substance of the recital of the old Califotois miner, made when the four friends had been joined by several of the many miners who are pros-pecting in the Boston, Ozark, and White River Mountains:

"I owned a mountain of sulphur fifty miles out of San Francisco, and was sup-plying California at something under the price of the imported article. I had a sure fortune. I knew that every one of my teamsters had killed his man, and that their leader was a noted desperado. But they had given out that they were going to work that route, and as I could afford to pay their price I deemedit prudent to say nothing. At length, after a night in which they had filled themselves with rum, their leader came into my office, armed with two pistols in his belt, and said that the men had determined to demand an increase of about twenty-five per cent. He then said, clapping his hands to his pistols, that no other teamsters should run tirat line. I knew I could not pay the increase and undersell the importers; but without betraying myself I said in an unconcerned way, 'All well; go back to your hauling and load up for San Francisco.'

"After the train had got well off I hastened to the Sheriff of the county. 'Hurry down,' he said, 'and see Jim Johnson, ten miles from here. He knowns your teamsters, and they fear him. He has killed his man, but in selfdefence. He has a hundred horses, just thrown out of employment and they'll eat their heads off and ruin him. Get him and his men to your place before your teamsters get back, and the instant

they see him they'll cower.' "I found it as the Sheriff had told me; but Johnson required me to buy him out, as he had debts to pay. I promised bim the \$16,000 that he demanded, and two days later his teams and men were at my place. My teamsters were there also. There was blood on the moon. After a night's debauch the leader entered my office wanting to know the meaning of Johnson's presence. I replied that I had bought Johnson out, and should thereafter do my own haul-ing. The leader returned to his men, and was soon confronted by Johnson and his teamsters. The desperado qualled as Johnson bade him get out of that ranch, saying, 'I'll kill you the first man

if you are here at sunset!" "There was a consultation, and then one after another of the desperado team-sters came in to be paid off. They were dumfounded when they saw that I had the money ready for them. I had also two good pistols under my counter, and Johnson and his men right at hand likewise ready for them. They took their movey, and walked away. They vanished that afternoon, but not long after that they attacked Johnson's teamsters

leader, and the rest fled, nearer San Francisco made my sulphur mountain worthless, and after several fruitless efforts at compromise I abandoned the place, and to-day the sulphur mountain and the machinery stand there, utterly abandoned. Moral: Keep out of Mining,"-New York Sun,

# An Irrigation Scheme

The Los Angeles Herald says: -The most gigantic irrigation enterprise ever inaugurated in the State of California has been commenced in Fresno county, the canal for which will be the largest in the State, and fed by Kings River. The water is intended to irrigate 30,000,000 acres of rich land, at present barren through lack of water. The source of supply of this canal will be higher than any other debouching from the same stream. Its dimensions are as follows: One hundred feet in width at the bottom; levees, an average of 15 feet in height and 8 feet wide at the top, broad enough for a wagon road. The depth of the water is expected to be five feet, with a fall of 18 inches to the mile. The dam in the mountain canon, whence the water will be taken, will be a wonderful and permanent one. It is 25 feet high, 800 feet long, 140 feet wide at the base and 25 feet wide on top. It is rip-rapped on the inside with heavy rock, and every precaution taken to make it sufficiently strong to securely hold the great weight of water that must be supported. The water is led into the canal from a large headgate, constructed of heavy timber, 100 feet in width and 18 feet high. It is planked over so as to make a bridge for heavy wagons and has wings to protect it from the floods, The canal is expected to carry 1,300 cubic feet of water per second.

## New Paper Stock.

The consumption of paper is now so great that the supply of rags for its manufacture cannot keep pace with the demand. Hence various other materials are being constantly impressed into the service of the paper mills with varying success. M. Reynaud has found in the Algerian dwarf palm a valuable addition to these, and he utilizes the whole of the plant except the roots, which are of the plant except the roots, which are reserved for fuel. The stalks and leaves treated with a special lye until the fibre easily separates, after which it passes between rollers, and is subjected o constant washings. The product is finally tied into bundles for transport,

## Death of a Queer Being.

Death has just put an end, at the vilage of Bois d'Haine, in Belgium, to the sufferings of a strange being, Louise Lateau, whose case has puzzled many a doctor. She was called "La Stygmati-ee," the Catholics declaring that every Friday blood flowed from we visible on her hands, her feet, and her side in remembrance of the Crucifixtion.
The "miracle" attracted immunerable sight-seers, whose contributions were sufficient to enable the practical show-man to rebuild the little vallage church and parsonage in most luxurious style,

-London Truth